



My Thoughts So Far



If you steal this book you will go to JAIL

!

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Wait wait wait I got it TM no wait

® DAMN

© AYYYYYYYYYYYYY

My Thoughts So Far

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Smashwords Edition



Computer Jones
@ManySandwiches

thinking about living my best life
and what that might mean



April 30, 2018



Reginald P. Warehouse 🏳️‍🌈

@ManySandwiches



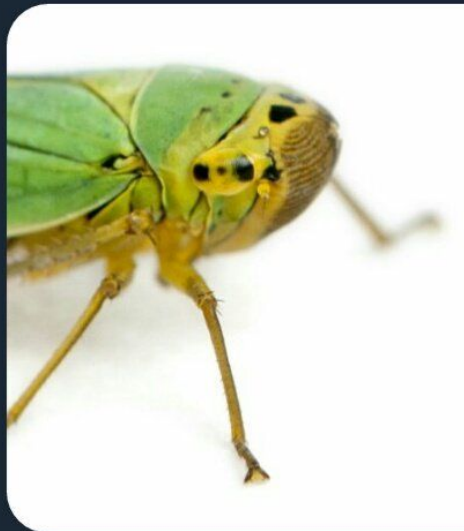
quitting my job in style, hitting the lunk
alarm, shouting "RACIST" over and over,
stomping on people's desks, taking all the
snacks in the break room

5:37 PM - 22 Jun 2018



Professor Shitwell @ManySand... · 2d ▾

Who wore it better



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August 21, 2018



#1 Polite Boy 🐣 ∞
@ManySandwiches



I'm you if you had autism.

10:32 AM · 14 Oct 18

Hi.

My name is Lee. A few ~~weeks~~ months ago, I found out I have high-functioning autism. This book was a journal that I used when I needed to write my thoughts down. I have a lot of thoughts, and to most people, most of them are weird as hell. So instead of saying them out loud anyway in spite of myself like I usually do, I figured *hey, what if I wrote them down, instead*. I hope to try to bridge the gap between those with autism and those without it. I wanted to be honest, and I wanted this book to be a genuine recording of my true thoughts, feelings, and actions. If that makes me come off as a huge asshole, well, then I guess that means I'm a huge asshole. Sorry about that, uh. I guess? I mean, I'm not going to change. But uh. So anyway, I wanted it to be a recording of my life. Edits have been made, but the words have not been changed since around an 1 hour after I originally wrote them. I tried to record what was happening as honestly and accurately as I could.

This book is dedicated to my wife, Sarah.
This book wouldn't exist if we'd never met.

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DO NOT READ THIS PORTION OF PAGE**

sorry, but I've just always wanted to do something like that



Tuesday, October 16, 2018

8:58am

I am in the bathroom at work. I slept in the car this morning as my wife drove us down Route 3, then through 128. My back is incredibly sore. If I had things my way, I would be laying down, sleeping or high. But instead, after I get out of the bathroom, I need to gather violin, viola, and cello strings. The strings needed by the storefront are automatically added to a report that I print every morning. It's an incredibly straightforward process that requires very little concentration.

My hair is greasy and my beard is extra curly because I did not remember to take a shower yesterday. My back is sore because this job requires a lot of physical labor. My mouth hurts because I am in urgent need of dental care. My head hurts slightly, probably due to my lack of sleep. My shirt is too tight and too thin, so my nipples are clearly visible. Even seeing the word "nipples" makes me uncomfortable.

In 6 hours, I will leave, and smoke weed. When this happens, I will feel better pretty much immediately. Until then, I have to keep working. Until then, I have to do my best to act like I don't

have autism. Until then, I have to pretend that everything is fine. No one at this job would ever understand.

9:50am

Back in the bathroom. I keep finding myself imagining scenarios where I disclose my autism to my boss, my coworkers, to celebrities in person. If I called into a podcast, what would I say? What is the elevator pitch for autism? In 3 minutes, could I describe my life in a nutshell? My horrible past, my painful present, my hopeful future? How do I put into words how blank everyone is to me, unless I put in the effort? How do I get past the preconceptions, and get across that I'm just like anyone else, but with a couple of big twists? How do I say all of this without going into too much detail and confusing people, or talking so long that people lose interest? These questions haunt me. I keep finding myself trying, in one imaginary conversation after another. Even in my head, nobody ever understands.

10:13am

On my first break. They last 15 minutes. I usually milk it to be about 17 minutes. We'll see. This job has not been good to me. An autistic genius with a history of childhood parental neglect and abuse does not belong in a warehouse filled with racist lifelong manual laborers. It's just not how things work.

That's not to say I don't get along with them. It's been much worse for me than it is now. I've adapted quite a bit. First, I realized I still had ADHD. Unlike what I had been led to believe, that doesn't ever go away. People learn to cope with it, sure, but having ADHD means you have an atypical brain. I got back on the medicine I'd unfortunately stopped taking, and my performance at work went from abysmal to perfect overnight.

About a month later, I found out I've had autism this whole time. That was about two months ago. Beyond the emotional impact of this realization, I've been doing my best at learning and adapting to this new information. Autism is an incredibly complex and nuanced condition. Two cases can vary wildly. Three cases can be as different as sugar, salt, and flour. Four are as different as North, South, East, and West. Have I gotten my point across yet?

Now imagine finding out at 28 that you're part of this fun little club. Not only that, you've been part of it your whole life. All the things in your life you struggled with, every awkward moment, every mishandled social interaction - autism. My sensitivity to sound, my extreme attention to detail, my endless questions, ideas, and words - autism.

My obsession with Halo 2 in 2007 was not an obsession. It was what is known as a "special interest" of someone with autism. The extreme degree to which someone dives into a special interest is not only healthy, but a source of joy to the person with autism. But, my mom thought I was obsessed, and my dad agreed. In 2008, my parents took away my Xbox, promising to

return it once my grades at school improved. I would've done anything to get my Xbox back, and so my grades improved. The Xbox wasn't returned until after the school year was over. To someone with autism, this could easily be considered a form of emotional abuse. It was 11 years ago, but it still hurts. It is but one of many things that have hurt me in my life. For example: My back still hurts. I took some ibuprofen. I checked online, and with the other medicine I'm taking, it's not recommended. We'll see what happens, I guess. Maybe I'll have blood in my stool. That would be something new. But at least I won't have a sore back anymore.

11:09am

The ibuprofen kind of worked. I'm in my car on my second break. I wanted to be alone, with less noise, and no people who might see me. Since childhood I've known not to act on my impulses. Letting fly my knee-jerk reactions during unguarded moments have almost never ended well. As a result, I am a fortress of self-containment. I buried my true antisocial nature so deep that it wasn't until 28 that I saw the forest for the trees. Autism doesn't just mean you're socially awkward. It means you have a brain that is wildly different from the norm.

My viewpoints aren't just that of someone with mental health issues. If men come from Mars and women come from Venus, and Autistic people must come from Neptune or something. I find many social interactions profoundly inscrutable, just as many find my innermost thoughts and opinions esoteric and bizarre. Throw in a small town, complete ignorance of my autism, and a couple of crappy parents, and you've got yourself a life worth writing a book about.

How are you supposed to connect with people who see the world completely differently than you? When the sound of the subway is hell, but the view out the window is heaven, how are you supposed to explain why you get so nervous in cities, even to yourself? When your idea of a high-pressure situation is when someone else parks next to you at the supermarket, how can you expect people to understand how you feel?

My world and your world are not the same. They will never be the same. Even if you have autism, you don't have mine, just like you don't have my fingerprints. All I've wanted all my life was to overcome whatever it was that was holding me back from being happy. I remember being happy in my very early childhood, before my grandfather died and part of my dad died with him. Before my mom's endless interference in my life started to become truly harmful. How am I supposed to explain to someone I just met that I love everything and everyone, but that I don't want to see them in person, *ever*? How do I explain to my friends that I'm not the same person they met before this rollercoaster of a year? That my constant jokes weren't just me having fun, but me constantly trying to keep people at bay with a barrier of comedy?

12:03pm

My molar is hurting again. That's because it's decaying inside my mouth. Not a lot - but it doesn't take much for it to be a problem. I'm in the van, waiting for 12:15 to roll around so I can

leave. The van is stocked with 4 bins of the possible 7 to go over to the storefront. The bins are full of instruments, instrument cases, and other music accessories. I'm ready to leave, but a while ago I was told to leave at 12:15. Every time I do this I wonder how mad my boss would be if he ever realized that I just sit out here between 12:00 and 12:15, taking advantage of the fact that I know they think I've already left. One of these days, my boss is going to see me out here, and I'll have to start talking, and fast.

Yesterday I tried something interesting while smoking on my small balcony. I closed my eyes and just *listened*. My hearing is ridiculously sharp, due in no small part to the autism. It's a sensory processing disorder for sure, but I've never really tried to just *listen* before. I heard the highway to my left, two crickets, a couple of playing squirrels far ahead and to the right, and someone talking very far away to my right. I could hear the wind through the trees, and up against the barrier I put up to hide myself. I never would've let myself do something so obviously strange and antisocial before I discovered that I had autism. I don't like being seen. I think it has to do with my attention to detail - if I can see them, they can see me. Go figure, my eyesight is also insanely good. I have 20-15 vision, which means at 20 feet, I see as though I had normal vision and was actually 15 feet away. Maybe it has something to do with that. Maybe my autism is just an optical zoom, or maybe my good eyes are just affecting my autism, and my ability to notice details. Either way, when the guy across the way goes out on his porch, I feel exposed. With a chair, a small table, and some picture frames in black trash bags (to stop them from getting wet), I feel safe. Feeling safe is nice. If not for knowing I had autism, I would've done what my father always told me to do, and "suffered in silence."

1:06pm

I'm sitting in a large red chair with armrests. I am waiting for a saleswoman to give me an instrument, I know not what. I will put the instrument in a bin inside the van, and then I will drive the van to the warehouse. I will unload the bin from the van, and then a bald man will put the instrument into a box and ship it somewhere. I will be eating lunch with my wife in our car in the parking lot. 1 hour, 54 minutes remain until I can leave and smoke leaves.

It's not that I love weed so much. I mean, yeah, smoking weed makes me feel great. My wife doesn't have even close to the same positive experience I do. Maybe it's because of my brain, my autism. Maybe it's because my life has been, is, and will continue to be *uniquely awful* for quite some time. Why isn't as important as *what* happens when I smoke weed. I open up. It's like I spend all day twisted into a ball, compressed to be as small as possible. Weed loosens everything up. Words and thoughts come like I'm a firehose. Honestly, it's exhausting - but it provides me with one thing my life has lacked up to this point: A source of uninhibited joy.

1:47pm

I'm warming up my lunch. My back hurts. There's only 70 seconds left until my food is done in the microwave. I guess that's all for now. Oh, but before I forget. I just wanted to let you know that I have autism.

2:21pm

I really don't want to do the cellos. It's 39 entire minutes until I get to leave. That's great! But all I have left to do is cellos. They're a pain in the ass, and I hate doing them. I think they might be my least-favorite thing to do at this job. Space is at a premium in the warehouse, and cellos are the biggest things I have to handle. A large cello box can come up to my shoulders, and is full of what feels like a thousand strips of bubble wrap. It's a hassle and I hate it.

That's why I'm in the bathroom again. If anyone says anything, I've already prepared a set of responses. That's assuming anyone will notice my frequent bathroom trips. I would notice, but I'm not exactly a good example for typical behavior.

3:13pm

I am smoking weed, and there's nothing anybody can do to stop me! My beautiful wife is putting gas into the car, because the car was out of gas. Funny the way these things happen.

I'm already feeling so much better. Has it been long enough for the weed to enter my system? Or do I just associate the smell of weed with happiness? Maybe I'm just out of the warehouse and with my wife, doing what I want.

I'm able to be happy without weed. But it's a lot of work, a lot of luck, and a lot of effort. I don't have the energy to do that. I woke up at 5 this morning. I have autism, probably PTSD, and definitely depression. I've been seeing a therapist for over a month now. She approves of the weed, which is something I didn't expect. I've been through hell, and I need all the help I can get. And wow does weed help me.

I do not advocate drug use. For years I was strictly against the use of drugs. But when you're at the bottom of a well and you find a way to get out, you don't ask too many questions. Funny the way these things happen.

3:42pm

I was talking to my wife and I realized some things. We're still driving home, and the weed is definitely kicking in. My boss isn't that bad a guy, and my job isn't that bad. The difficulty lies in the people I work with and the differences between us.



9:04

I had fun but it went so fast. And now I'm tired. And in bed. With all the lights off.

Wednesday, October 17, 2018



7:19am

It's me, the bathroom man. Some people read in the bathroom. I guess what I do is write, instead. My back still hurts but my wife put bengay on it. Now I smell twice my age.

I'm so different than anyone at my job. How exactly am I supposed to coexist with people that see the world so much differently than me? That don't even know that this phenomenon is happening to me? That wouldn't, *couldn't* understand, no matter how carefully I tried to explain?

7:50am

I want to listen to podcasts, but they're mostly by neurotypical people. I want to listen to podcasts about autism, but the podcasts with the highest production values all seem to be produced by neurotypical people. When something elicits a reaction from the cohosts, but not from me, I wonder if the reason is that everyone on the show is neurotypical, and I'm not. They all get it, but for me it just doesn't land. How am I supposed to enjoy myself when stuff like that keeps happening?

I love the podcast Radiolab, and realized that they might've done an autism podcast. When I searched online for it, though, I found an angry blog post by the parent of an autistic child. They were disappointed in Radiolab for their apparently harmful portrayal of autism. So there goes that idea. How am I supposed to live in a world that was built for people that are fundamentally different than me? This is beyond unfair - it's unnerving.

8:59am

Oh my god my back hurts so *bad*. I know the correct grammar is “my back hurts so *badly*” but that's not what I'd say so it's not what I'll write. It is bad. It hurts. My book, my rules. I'm not in the mood to have an unusual day. But I may not have a choice. If this gets much worse, or even if it doesn't get better, I might have to leave. That fucking *sucks*.

11:12am

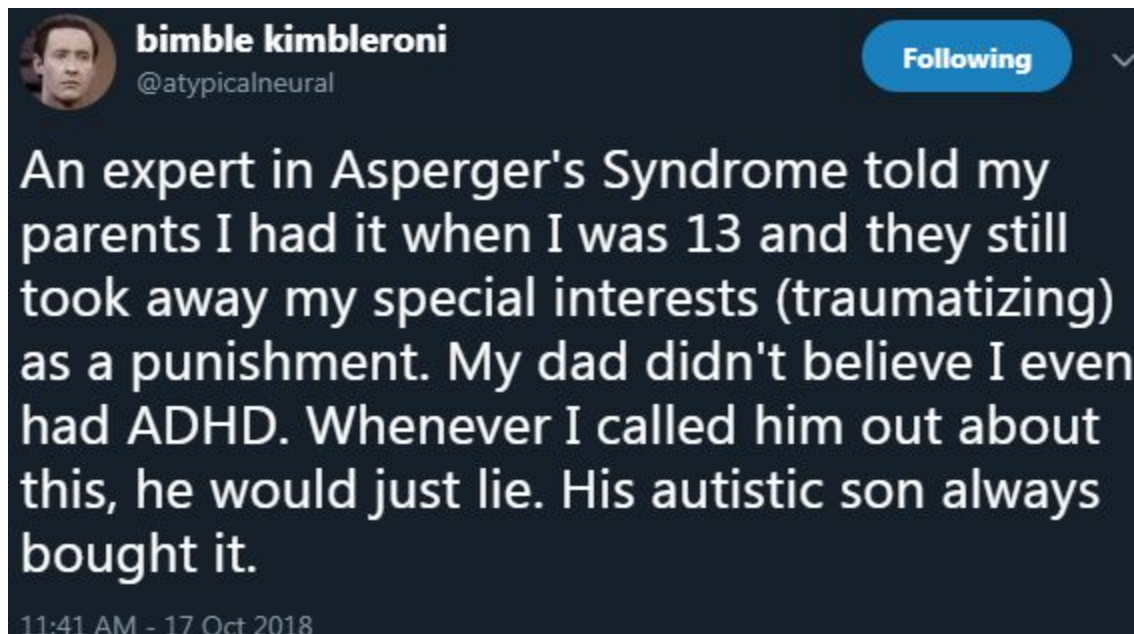
It doesn't suck. I'm high and because weed is a painkiller my back feels way better. It's actually very jarring, suddenly finding myself home. That might be an autism thing. I definitely find the different lighting outside off-putting, so the autism is definitely part of it.

A lot of what I'm feeling right now has to do with the fact that I left work in the first place. Leaving was quite hard for me because you cannot quantify pain. That meant I had to take it on faith that my pain, while not debilitating, was enough to warrant leaving work. The resulting choice resulted in strong feelings of guilt and fear.

I think it is entirely possible that my dad is largely responsible for this. Neither of my parents were receptive to my cries for help, but my dad would pick apart my reasoning and always belittle my suffering. As an autistic child, it must've seemed to him that I was way too sensitive to anything being wrong. Because he believes everyone in the world is either like him or stupid, and because he could tell I wasn't stupid, he concluded that I was *incredibly* lazy. He would remind me of this viewpoint often, denying such a viewpoint existed whenever I asked about it.

Lies, however ridiculous, are difficult to resist when they come from someone you see as better than you. They're even harder when they come from one of the only two adults you feel even remotely comfortable around.

The rest involves my difficulty, as an autistic person, to understand my own feelings. That *is* an autism thing. Coupled with a heaping helping of childhood guilt from dear old dad, it makes everything worse.



Thursday, October 18, 2018

11:44am

It's so cold out here. I'm smoking weed on my porch and it's cold. My wife is at work and my back still hurts. My bird is yelling. It's a bird thing. I'm trying to make sense of everything, and falling short. It's an autism thing.

Does marijuana smoke heat you up? It's a result of fire, so it's not exactly cold. How much of the heat gets transferred for the brief moment that hot air is in my lungs? Are the molecules of the weed that make their way to my brain...warm? If it's in my bloodstream, wouldn't that conceivably heat my body up?

But then, I'm also breathing in cold air, and I'm breathing it in much more often than I'm breathing in the smoke. Plus, the total amount of actual weed is about the size of a grape, and even that is full of empty spaces. If you pushed all of it together as small as it would go, the total mass probably is equal to a pea. That's not a lot of hot molecules.

That explains why I still feel so cold.

This is how my mind works. Maybe your mind works the same way. Maybe putting it into words makes it more relatable. But when's the last time you thought about stuff like this? For me, it's 24/7.

I can't imagine being any other way. If anything, I prefer this. The world is a wild storm of colors and sound. People are complex fractals of desire and repulsion. The level of information required to understand an animal are dwarfed beyond reckoning by the churning galaxy that is a human being.

Maybe you don't understand. How could you? Please allow me to explain. My pet bird only has a handful of states she can be in. She looks different depending on what state she's in, so all you have to do to read her is look at her and consult this list:

Happy - Making any one of a set of soft, high-pitched sounds, usually made with a closed beak

Content - Staying in one place for a while, curling up one leg, clicking her beak

Scared - One or more short, loud screams, followed by flight

Interest - Leaning forward in the direction of what she wants and flapping her wings

Lonely - Repeatedly saying her name, screaming

Hungry - Increased interest in human food

Thirsty - Increased interest in human beverages

Bird (Neutral) - Eating seeds, being a goofball, doing something she isn't supposed to

Combative - Any one or more of the following, followed by you getting bitten if you don't retreat:

-Proximity to any brightly-colored, large, unknown, or especially disliked objects

- Feathers fluff out and don't go back down
- Feathers on the back of her head are up
- Beak is being held open, and she isn't yawning
- Tail feathers are splayed out
- Head is being held down, and she is running quickly, beak-first

That's it! You can now read my bird like a book.

Okay, now imagine trying to make something like this, but for human beings.

There are things I just can't know by myself. To me, non-autistics are as difficult to understand as autistics must be to non-autistics. Those aren't guesses. Those are facts.

That is a horrifying thought.

I didn't ask to be *other*, but I've always felt, deep down, that I was. I'm not like you. And nobody is like me. Similar? Sure! But at this moment I am not sure if I will ever meet someone who I'd think of as being like me. Then again, people with autism have as much trouble understanding themselves as they have trying to understand other people. I might've met my autistic doppelganger already, and just not realized it.

That is a horrifying thought.

It's becoming a theme.

I'm not a huge fan.

But - that little summary of my bird back there - what was that?

Autism.

So it's not exactly a lose/lose situation here.

I have depression. But it's actually 12:19, not 11:44 like when I started. I just spent 35 minutes writing about what I'm going through, what I'm thinking about, what I'm feeling, completely unbidden. When I tell my therapist about this log, she's going to shit herself. That is an exaggeration. But I can't imagine this is anything but a therapist's most favorite thing to suddenly find a client doing. So right now, the timeline for today goes like this:

- 9:55am - I send a message to my wife right after getting out of bed
- ??:??am - I take a shower, take my medicine, and eat half an apple
- 11:35am - I send my wife a message letting her know I'm "Doing an smonk"
- 11:44am - I start writing this
- 12:24pm - I type this line

I was awake for 100 minutes before I started smoking weed. I wrote only a few short messages to my wife. 9 minutes later, I started writing down my thoughts and feelings about what I'm going through. I kept writing for more than 40 minutes.

It's not that I love the idea of smoking *anything*, let alone a drug science doesn't fully understand. Let alone a drug that affects my brain. But when shit like this happens, can you really blame me for rolling the dice? If not for weed, Not a word of this would have been written.

Now *that* is a horrifying thought.

12:58pm

I want to be understood. That's all. I want you to understand me. I want you to know that I can be understood. I'm not some incomprehensible mystery, like stonehenge or something. I'm you, if you had autism. Sounds are loud to me. Are they not, to you? How can you concentrate with all that noise? How do you miss all the little things that really, to me, aren't little at all? How do you miss that stuff? How can you see anything in a city? How could anyone live in a city? Why would anyone choose to?

I have autism, and these things are all confusing to me. But the fact that I have autism is an obvious answer to all of these questions, and now that I know I have autism, everything makes sense. If everything can finally make sense to me, maybe I can make autism make sense to everyone else.

Imagine that all of my nerves are...raw, somehow. More sensitive. Every sensation is magnified 1000 times. That's not easy to imagine? Try this on for size. It's 4am, and you're hungover. Actually, you're pretty sure you're still drunk. Can you be both at once? As you think that question, you realize you're on the subway, and you're naked. It's freezing. You try to play it cool, but everyone starts staring at you. You don't know what you did, but you've seen this enough times to know that it was probably your fault.

For me, riding the subway feels like that.

Imagine a choir of fingernails on 37 chalkboards being blasted directly into each ear by a megaphone. The volume hurts your ears, but that's not really the problem. The problem is the sound itself. That sound never really bothered you before, but somehow this time it's different. The last time, you must not have really heard it, because this time is so much worse. You can't help but visualize imaginary drills boring their way into your skull. You can almost feel them. All of this, every detail, in an instant. From safety into a fresh new hell. That's what it's like for me when one of the sounds I hate happens near me at my warehouse job. It could be the loading dock screeching as its ramp extends onto an open truck. It could be someone slamming the door between the warehouse and the loading dock. It could be someone using the saw to cut cardboard tubes in half.

Because I hate all of those sounds. And when I hear them, it feels like that.

Living with autism can be very hard. But understanding autism doesn't have to be. This can be mutually beneficial, I think. This isn't some labor of dedication - I write this in feverish need. If I wasn't writing this, I would feel like my head was going to explode. To me, everything is just so *much*, all the time.

For me, living with autism is like that.

I write it, you read it, and we both come away better. I like that.

1:31

Just decided that this is going to be a book for real. I just added the title page and page numbers and everything. This shit is *happening*.

But first I'm going to go smoke some more weed. For inspiration. Also, my back, like, *super* hurts, you guys. Can y'all do me a favor and buy like 50,000 of these a year for a decade or so? Thanks. Because working in a warehouse is *just not a good fit*.



4:38pm

I have created an auditory safe space that I can carry around me wherever I go. It is comprised of music from my favorite childhood video games. This music takes me back to those times, and in so doing makes me feel very safe. Diddy Kong Racing, Age of Empires, StarCraft. Music from a simpler time for me. As ideas go, it's a pretty good one, I think.

Friday, October 19, 2018

8:15am

The old music is having...some sort of effect. It's hard to measure these things. Certainly when a song I recognize from 20 years ago suddenly starts playing, it gets my attention. I think that's probably a good thing. I would rather my attention be on nostalgic music than my back, which still hurts. I can work, I think. I'm only an hour in, but I think I'm going to be okay. My wonderful beautiful amazing wife put Bengay on my back this morning, and I can still feel it 2+ hours later. Also, I took an Aleve. Apparently that drug works for 24 hours. We'll see how it's holding up in 5 hours.

Yesterday was amazing. Weed, as a painkiller, is quite effective indeed. I felt barely an echo of back pain. The worst I've felt since leaving work on Wednesday was getting up out of bed this morning. That wasn't my favorite part of today so far, but I still went to work. I feel like that says a lot about me as a person. I want to believe that I'm the kind of person who goes to work despite back pain. I guess it must be true.

9:09am

My back started to really hurt so I'm taking a break. Did you know you can use breaks at work to help alleviate physical discomfort, *as well as* mental discomfort? This is all new to me. I'm at the break table, trying to relax. Some of the retro music is helpful, but some of it is very intense. It turns out boss battle music isn't very zen. Who knew?

Less than 6 hours until the weekend starts and I can leave these problems until Monday. The weed obliterates back pain in the same way the sun makes it hard to see the moon. It's still there, but nobody really gives a shit most of the time.

Oh, great. Someone sat across from me. This is what I've always wanted. Oh, he's playing audio off of his phone, without headphones. This is the ideal situation. Thank god. He's eating a bagel with cream cheese. Hopefully he chews with his mouth open. That would be the perfect cherry to top this sundae.

Okay, so it's not that bad. But what can I say, my autism makes me sensitive to these things. And playing audio to anyone in earshot, whether they want to hear it or not, is pretty rude. At least, that's the autistic's opinion. This guy seems like he doesn't think it's a problem. Maybe he doesn't give a shit about other people. Maybe he hasn't even considered my feelings. He may be barely aware of my presence. I wonder what that's even like.

For me, he might as well be a grizzly bear wearing a vest made of lit road flares. Not noticing him and everything he does would be like not noticing the collision of the Earth and the Moon. I could easier sleep through a nuclear detonation. Now someone else has sat down, and they're

both laughing at a video he's playing. At this moment, I couldn't possibly relate to these pair less.

My break is over, but my back still hurts. Maybe I'll switch to podcasts soon. It sounds like she's having some pretty good salsa. That sounds like a very satisfying snack. I'll be satisfied, too - in 5 and a half hours.

11:07am

I just saw my wife!!! I'm on my second break of the work day. My wife walked by carrying some violin cases. We smiled at each other. It was nice. I keep having to switch music with less and less time in between. I would love to switch to podcasts, but I leave for the daily run at 12:15. Because of my back pain, a coworker is being sent with me. This will be a physical help, as another set of hands can help immensely. However, this additional person means that I cannot be alone, which would be preferable. I would love to somehow avoid this outcome, but I believe that the cost of what it would take to do so would not be worth it.

It would be so much easier if I could simply explain that I have autism, and have everyone magically understand what that means. It would be amazing if I could simply say "no, thanks!"

I saw my wife again!! She waved!!! I think it would be good if my wife could come with me on the run. I don't think she'd be a lot of help physically, but I still think it would be a net gain over my coworker. If I had to rank the three, it would go like this:

1. Spending time with my wife
2. Listening to podcasts alone
3. Spending time with someone who isn't my wife

It's like that, in a very literal sense. I'd rather double my current back pain in exchange for my wife going with me instead of this guy. We get along okay, but I find him crass and boorish.



bimbleroni

@atypicalneural

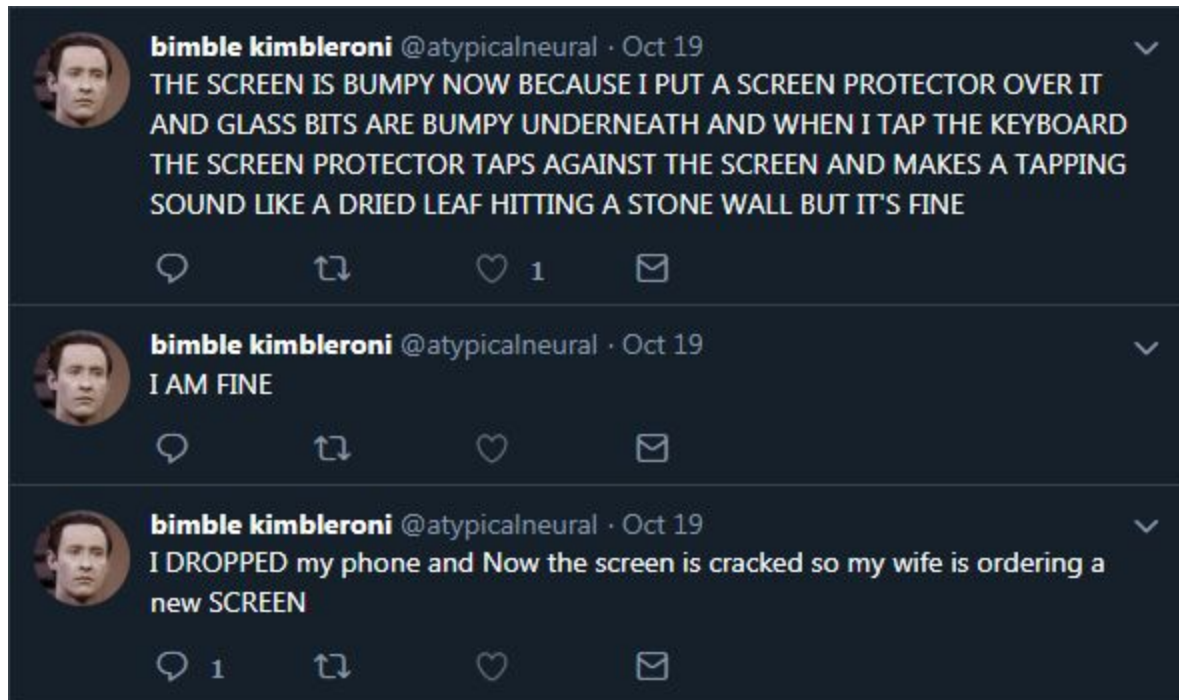
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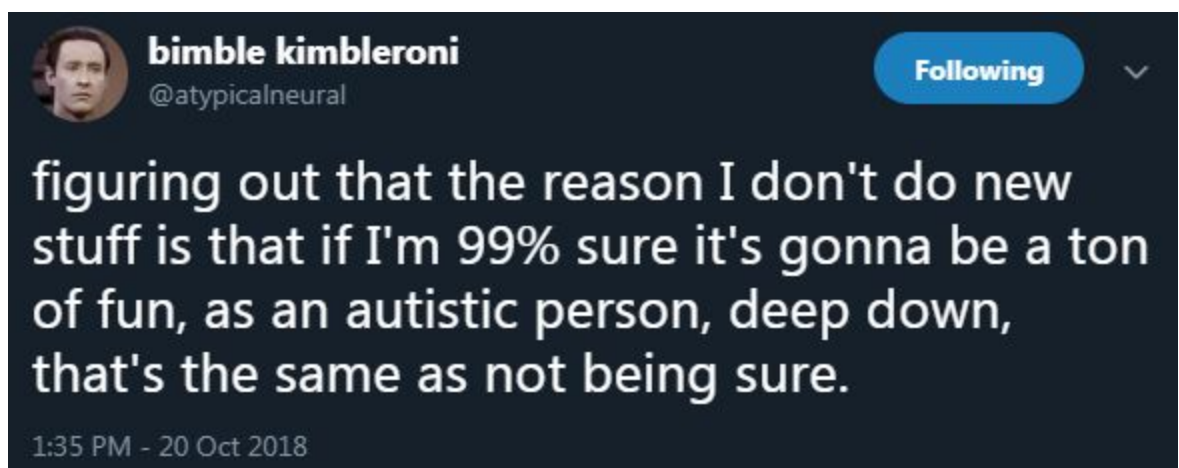
This is a real screenshot of my bank records from 2016. These are @Grubhub orders. Please look at the totals. I would change the tip until the total was "right". It wasn't until 2018 that I got a little bit of #AutismAwareness

| | | | |
|------------|---|--|---------|
| 10/31/2016 | DB DEBIT / 10-29-2016 GRUBHUBSAKURAJAPANESE | | \$84.84 |
| 10/31/2016 | DB DEBIT / 10-30-2016 GRUBHUBPHO1WALTHAM 87 | | \$42.42 |
| 11/01/2016 | DB DEBIT / 10-31-2016 GRUBHUBPHOSPICE 877585 | | \$45.45 |
| 11/03/2016 | DB DEBIT / 11-02-2016 GRUBHUBCITYSTREETRES | | \$47.47 |
| 11/04/2016 | DB DEBIT / 11-03-2016 GRUBHUBANNASPIZZA 87758 | | \$22.22 |
| 11/04/2016 | DB DEBIT / 11-04-2016 GRUBHUBBITSANDBITESCA | | \$53.53 |
| 11/07/2016 | DB DEBIT / 11-06-2016 GRUBHUBSAKURAJAPANESE | | \$49.49 |
| 11/08/2016 | DB DEBIT / 11-08-2016 GRUBHUBJOHNBREWERSTA | | \$54.54 |
| 11/12/2016 | DB DEBIT / 11-10-2016 GRUBHUBZHENG GARDENRE | | \$60.60 |
| 11/14/2016 | DB DEBIT / 11-13-2016 GRUBHUBANNASPIZZA 87758 | | \$43.43 |
| 11/17/2016 | DB DEBIT / 11-16-2016 GRUBHUBBOLLYWOODCAFE | | \$45.45 |
| 11/18/2016 | DB DEBIT / 11-18-2016 GRUBHUBBITSANDBITESCA | | \$42.42 |
| 11/19/2016 | DB DEBIT / 11-18-2016 GRUBHUBBITSANDBITESCA | | \$32.32 |
| 11/22/2016 | DB DEBIT / 11-21-2016 GRUBHUBANNASPIZZA 87758 | | \$45.54 |
| 11/29/2016 | DB DEBIT / 11-28-2016 GRUBHUBBITSANDBITESCA | | \$51.51 |
| 12/02/2016 | DB DEBIT / 12-02-2016 GRUBHUBJOHNBREWERSTA | | \$35.53 |
| 12/03/2016 | DB DEBIT / 12-03-2016 GRUBHUBJOHNBREWERSTA | | \$49.85 |
| 12/10/2016 | DB DEBIT / 12-09-2016 GRUBHUBBITSANDBITESCA | | \$32.20 |
| 12/10/2016 | DB DEBIT / 12-09-2016 GRUBHUBJOHNBREWERSTA | | \$41.24 |
| 12/17/2016 | DB DEBIT / 12-16-2016 GRUBHUBJOHNBREWERSTA | | \$51.80 |
| 12/20/2016 | DB DEBIT / 12-19-2016 GRUBHUBPROSPECTCAFEAI | | \$53.52 |

5:36 PM - 18 Oct 2018



Saturday, October 20, 2018



I'm high and I'm about to get higher. I feel like a prisoner who knows that he'll be free soon. For years and years I slept, knowing I was trapped, but not knowing how, or why. I'm about to go smoke the last of any weed I'll be able to have for a *while*. It's going to be a rough transition. I'm sure I'll return to weed in a month or so. But financially, it's just not viable. In addition to that, I need to be sober. I have concluded that I am in possession of heretofore undiscovered intellectual aptitudes. I wish to apply my newfound strengths towards bettering my own life. It is for this reason that I must pause my emotionally healthful habit.

The weed's one main drawback, and a main benefit of it, for me, is its impact on my ability to think. High, I am able to more easily access buried memories of trauma, hidden away in some dusty corner of my mind. The memories, painful as they were to experience, were not viewed often. They sit on unmarked shelves, scattered through my mind like a thousand needles in a billion haystacks. They are hard to find because they are hard to re-experience, and my mind is defending itself from reliving the trauma these memories contain. High, before any part of me has a chance to react, I'm already halfway through remembering something.

I'm writing out my thoughts, and it's indisputably therapeutic. No one reading this log entry would, in their right mind, truly feel as though these were only the words of a drug addict. This is why I allow myself to continue this practice. This is why I take weed. Yes, it is wonderful for my anxiety. Yes, it makes me feel safe and carefree. But it also completely destroys my ability to concentrate on anything I don't feel like doing. Shower? That's not interesting. Pass. Write about the universe, my place in it, and my newfound revelations about the atypical nature of my perception of reality itself? Yes. Yes that sounds interesting. We need to do that *right now*.

Here's the thing. I'm pretty sure that I'm some sort of autistic genius. I'm also pretty sure that the only way I can write that in a book I publish and not look like *the biggest asshole* is to mention that I'm only an asshole if I'm *wrong*. Let's say I'm right. Well, it would explain the length this book has attained in such a short time. All my life, I've always had more to say than everybody else. They all hated it! They couldn't handle me with my motormouth. I try to stay quiet, but I'm *surprisingly* bad at it. Take what you're imagining it's like, and make it twice as bad. It's like that. So this definitely wasn't for free. There are drawbacks. But to me, that's just what makes it all the more real. Because that certainly sounds like something that would happen.

If anything, just now I've started to write faster. I'm not sure what the deal is. This is one of the weirdest parts of autism, to me. Not only do other people confuse me, but my own self is just as mysterious and inexplicable. I take weed because I do. I justify it and try to understand that choice afterwards. I try to do so beforehand, but deep down, I've already made my decision. I jumped to the right answer because I'm really, really fast. My entire memory is just google and I can search my memories on youtube. It wasn't until today I realized not everybody is like that. As least, I'm pretty sure they're not. I'll ask my wife later. She's working right now, for money.

Sunday, October 21, 2018

3:16pm

I'm out of weed, and it's terrifying.



Monday, October 22, 2018

1:15pm

Something is happening. Actually, a lot of things are happening. But, nothing is really happening. Yet. Updates to follow.



Tuesday, October 23, 2018

8:59am

My phone screen cracked on Friday. It's unpleasant and difficult to type, which is why my writing has shrunk. Additionally, without weed, I feel less motivated to do so. A new screen came on Sunday, but it was the wrong one. We have no money, so I'll have to wait until the refund comes in to order another screen.

My wife took her first dose of ADHD medication this morning. It will take a couple of weeks for her symptoms to change. Meanwhile, without *my* "medication", I am having what I can describe simply as a *bad time*.

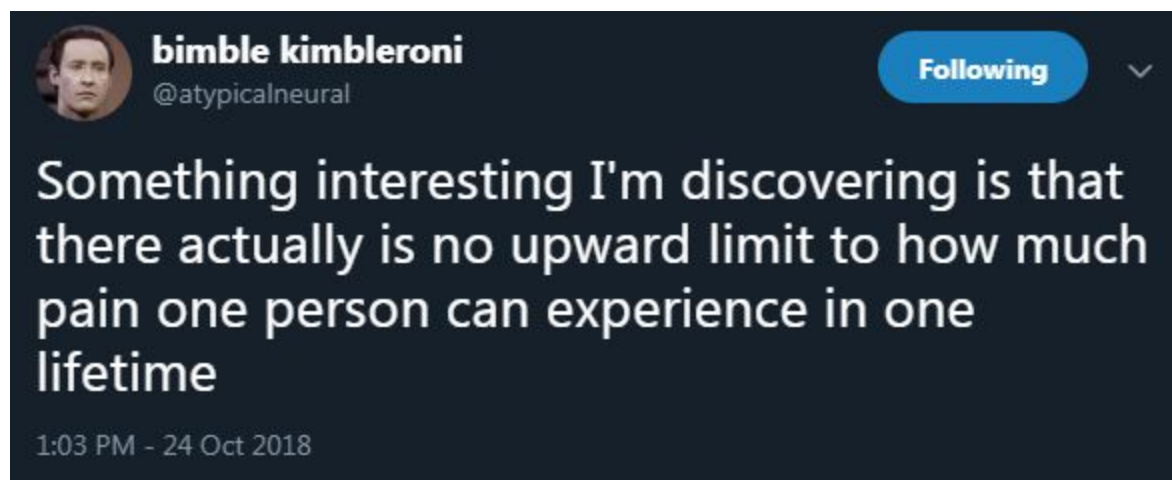


A screenshot of a Twitter post on a dark background. The user's profile picture is a small circular image of a man. The name 'bimble kimbleroni' is in bold white text, followed by the handle '@atypicalneural' in a lighter font. To the right is a blue 'Following' button and a small downward arrow. The tweet text is in large white font: '44 hours without weed and I have caught myself getting mad after imagining shitty things people could do, but have not done.' The timestamp '10:43 AM - 23 Oct 2018' is at the bottom in a small, light font.

bimble kimbleroni @atypicalneural **Following** ▼

44 hours without weed and I have caught myself getting mad after imagining shitty things people could do, but have not done.

10:43 AM - 23 Oct 2018



A screenshot of a Twitter post on a dark background. The user's profile picture is a small circular image of a man. The name 'bimble kimbleroni' is in bold white text, followed by the handle '@atypicalneural' in a lighter font. To the right is a blue 'Following' button and a small downward arrow. The tweet text is in large white font: 'Something interesting I'm discovering is that there actually is no upward limit to how much pain one person can experience in one lifetime'. The timestamp '1:03 PM - 24 Oct 2018' is at the bottom in a small, light font.

bimble kimbleroni @atypicalneural **Following** ▼

Something interesting I'm discovering is that there actually is no upward limit to how much pain one person can experience in one lifetime

1:03 PM - 24 Oct 2018



A screenshot of a Twitter post on a dark background. The user's profile picture is a small circular image of a man. The name 'bimble kimbleroni' is in bold white text, followed by the handle '@atypicalneural' in a lighter font. To the right is a blue 'Following' button, a small downward arrow, and a small lock icon. The tweet text is in large white font: 'Charging my energy so I can release it all at once out of my outstretched palms in a bright, powerful beam'. The timestamp '8:01 AM - 25 Oct 2018' is at the bottom in a small, light font.

bimble kimbleroni @atypicalneural **Following** ▼ 🔒

Charging my energy so I can release it all at once out of my outstretched palms in a bright, powerful beam

8:01 AM - 25 Oct 2018

Friday, October 26, 2018

8:49am

My screen is still broken. I still have autism. I really am out of weed this time. I managed to dig and scrape ashes out of increasingly unlikely places every day this week, but I think the end is finally truly here. The true struggle starts now.

My life is a whirlwind of conflicting emotions and blaring stimuli, and I couldn't be more upset. Not that anyone could tell from my face. Everybody else in this warehouse appears to be having just another Friday. I'm not having mood swings. I'm having mood racquetball matches.



9:35pm

I got some of that *weed* I've heard so much about and I *could not be more relieved*.
Fuck me.

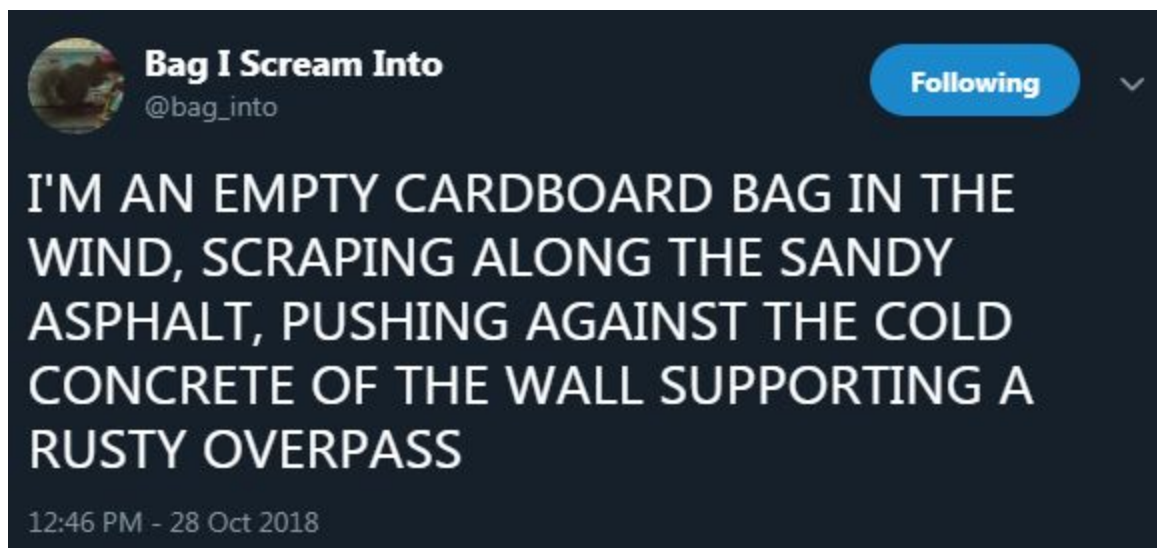
Saturday, October 27, 2018



2:28pm

So where the fuck do I even start.

My wife is 5 days in to an ADHD drug that probably takes about 10 to 15 days to start working. I discovered that, on average, I only brush my teeth once a week. I kind of already knew this, but I didn't have the exact rate. I used an app on my phone to figure out that if I'm left to my own devices, I'll only brush my teeth once a week. With my wife's help, I've started doing it every day. This is the difference between someone with autism and someone with high-functioning autism.





computers are cool

@little_sagan

Following

it would be pretty cool if I didn't have to go work in a warehouse all day tomorrow, but I prefer not to be homeless, so what can you do. Sometimes you just have to be patient

9:33 PM - 28 Oct 2018



bimble kimbleroni

@atypicalneural

At least this warehouse has snacks



9:39 AM - 29 Oct 2018



Tuesday, October 30, 2018

7:49am

Thanks to my wonderful, beautiful, amazing wife, my screen is fixed, so writing at work is no longer a painful process. I'm in the bathroom, which for some reason is approximately 90°F, so I'll just say as much as I can without going into much detail. Hopefully, I'll remember to expand on these ideas later.

- I'm pretty sure I'm genderless, but people referring to me as male doesn't really bother me at all. I get why they would think of me as male. I have a beard, a deep voice, and a penis, but I don't really feel male. Never really have.
- My wife is 8 days into an ADHD drug that takes somewhere between 10 and 15 days to start showing positive results. She has a doctor's appointment a week from tomorrow. This is a huge deal. The ADHD impairs her 24/7 in everything she tries to do.
- Yesterday, I had a pretty good day at work. I'm not exactly sure why this happened
- I've made multiple twitter accounts for different parts of my personality. They argue online through me. One is very reasonable. Another is nearly feral with pain and rage. It's cathartic
- Weed



Bag I Scream Into

@bag_into

Following

No one gives a shit about autism unless it affects their lives. We're just another so story they can't quite muster up the energy to care about. I struggle to understand people all day long, yet the moment somebody else gets confused, the onus is on me to explain. What a joke.

11:03 AM - 30 Oct 2018

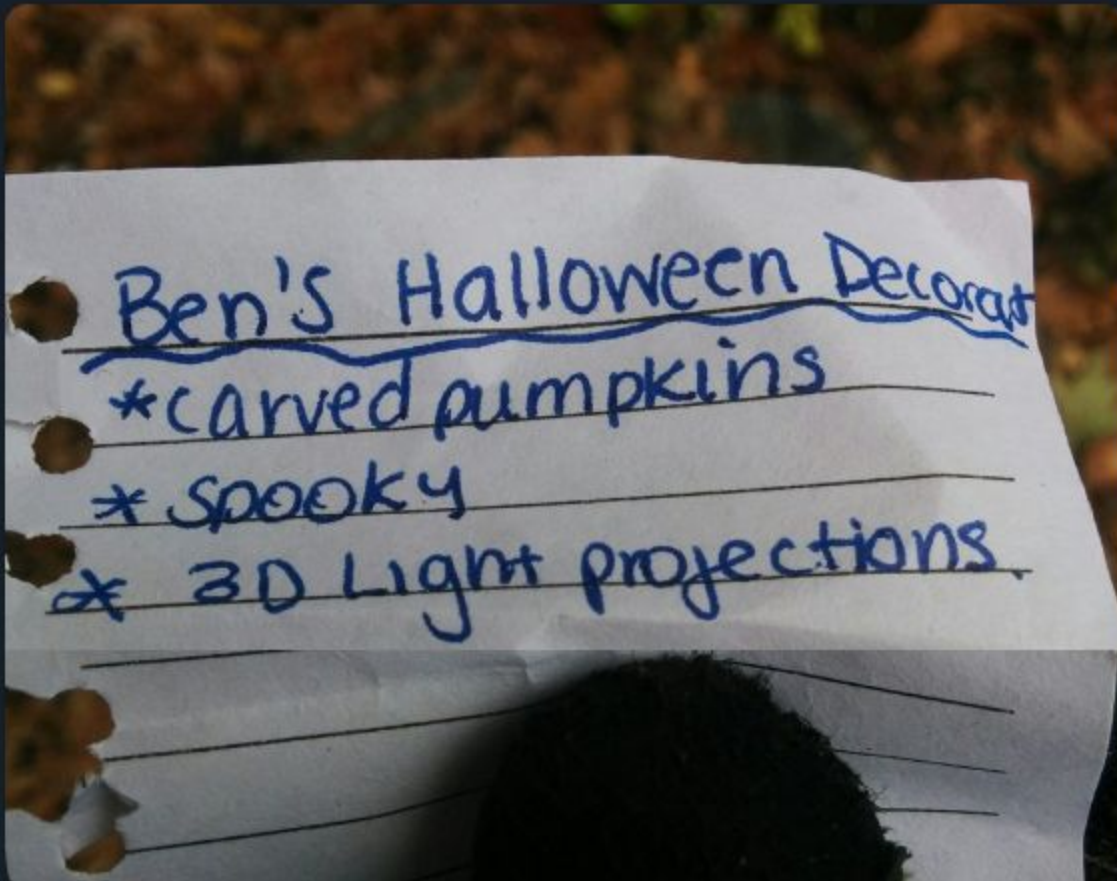


Adult Cryptid

@ManySandwiches

Following

Found this in a box a cello was shipped in



11:17 AM - 31 Oct 2018



October 31, 2018

Thursday, November 1, 2018

9:36am

Stayed home from work with my wife who is a little sick. Not proud of this. Smoking weed outside. Not proud of this. Made barrier out of deck chairs and cardboard so I wouldn't feel like I was being watched. Proud of this. That context was important because omitting it would be tantamount to pretending I'm at work, since it's a Thursday. That's not how I want this book to work. This book is a true account of my thoughts, feelings, and actions. It is meant to put down that which slips by, day by day. In this way, I am hoping for 2 things:

1. Patterns will emerge, and I will learn more about who I am. I'm bad at this because of autism, remember? I can't read others, but I'm human, too. I don't know how I work, either.
2. People will be able to understand me.

Do you have any idea what this is like?? Do I?? Here's how 2018 started, for me: I was a regular, normal person, who happened to have awful luck. My mom died when I was younger, which messed me up pretty bad. Why wouldn't it have? Makes sense. My dad was abusive, and my mom was a preacher's daughter with 3 sisters from the deep South. Her family was crazy, but she was the pick of the litter. As a result, I had a weird upbringing, which lead to bad social skills. Why wouldn't I come off as weird?

Well, I got this warehouse job. I used to work in computers, so for a while, I'm really really sad. I can literally see one of the places I used to work *out the window*. The commute takes an hour each way, and everyone eighth person is a fucking *sociopath*. The worst part is working with these warehouse guys. They are always correcting me about every little thing.

Then, a man I didn't know got out of his car and yelled at me. I resolved the situation easily, but inside, I felt like I had just been yelled at by my dad. So, I thought. *This is why I hate the warehouse guys so much. They're not unreasonable, I just have PTSD.*

This changed everything. I mentally wiped the slate clean and tried to see where and how this new information applied. Turns out, it applied to a lot of things. It took a long time until I was able to adjust to this new information. I'm still in the process of fully understanding all the ramifications to this day.

So things got better. I started smoking weed again. They prescribe weed to people with PTSD, right? All these repressed memories about my dad being shitty would just pop into my head as easily as if they were memories about a recent movie I saw. Details that I would be unable to recall sober would spring into focus like I was trying to remember the lyrics to my favorite songs. It was effortless, and cathartic, and beautiful. But. The people at work kept nit-picking me. And it was really starting to piss me off. My dad was this same way.

Then, I realized I had ADHD. I was medicated from age 11 to 26. At 26, everything was changing, much like today. When I lost my job, as I often did, I lost my insurance. No insurance, no ADHD medication. It's about \$300 out of pocket. Can't do that when you just got fired. So, the consummate survivor, I leaned into it. *It's probably what made me anxious in the first place. I've been anxious all my life, and I bet it's all just because I've been wound up by this crazy stimulant. Besides, people can grow out of ADHD. Have I ever even tried to function without it?*

Wrong. Having ADHD means your brain is different. It's not going to stop being an ADHD brain. It's not going to stop being neuroatypical. A few months after realizing I had PTSD, while getting high and mulling over the problem of my nitpicking coworkers, I came up with a theory that implied I had made a gut-wrenching discovery. I learned that ADHD doesn't go away. I started my medicine again. Waiting for it was hell on Earth. Every few minutes, I realized, I would completely forget what as I was doing. All. Day. Long. When I finally took my first dose, it was a religious experience. I felt like I had been in a mental fog for 2 years, and now I could finally think clearly again.

This changed everything. I mentally wiped the slate clean and tried to see where and how this new information applied. Turns out, it applied to a lot of things. It took a long time until I was able to adjust to this new information. I'm still in the process of fully understanding all the ramifications to this day.

A few weeks later, I was out on the deck/balcony smoking the kindest leaf. The devil's lettuce. Devil Grass. I was struggling at why I was so good at socializing, but always so nervous. It's one thing to fear making a faux pas when you're all thumbs. My wife, with me out in public, would always confirm later that I had done a great job. Why, then, did it always feel like I was fumbling in the dark? *If my social skills are so good, why does it feel like I'm walking a tightrope every time I have a conversation? What am I afraid of?* And one day, I remembered that a therapist had said I had Asperger's when I was younger. My mom asked if I thought I had it. The therapist was a shithead. I hated him. I told her no. And that was the end of it. In a flash, lightning struck. I had autism. This happened 2-3 weeks after I realized I had ADHD. 2-3 weeks later, my wife would discover that she had ADHD.

This changed everything. I mentally wiped the slate clean and tried to see where and how this new information applied. Turns out, it applied to a lot of things. It took a long time until I was able to adjust to this new information. I'm still in the process of fully understanding all the ramifications to this day.

Do you have any idea what this is like?? Do I??

END OF VOLUME 1